





EDITED BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

## THE ABANDONED CLAIM.

The Serial Which Won the Prize in  
the Youth's Contest.  
BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHED.  
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## CHAPTER XV.—CONCLUDED.

HARD TIMES.

"Oh God! She is starv-ing," cried the doctor, gathering her in his arms—ah, how light the burden!—and laying her on the sofa.

He touched an electric button and Ah Wing appeared. Ah Wing had removed the little straw hat and pushed back the waving brown hair from the white forehead, sprinkling a little water on her face.

"Gottet clotted blood on blain. You bleed him, all light," volunteered Ah Wing, who looked upon this proceeding with undisguised disfavor.

Ah Wing liked the doctor very well as a man, but he openly disapproved of him as a physician.

"Wing," said Dr. John, "get me a cup of strong coffee and a slice of buttered toast, as quick as you can."

"You bleed him. Coffee-toast no make him well," insisted Ah Wing.

"Get out of here and do as I tell you, you rascal," growled the doctor; and Wing, who knew very well the point, did not need professional advice to tell her best a hasty retreat.

Hope opened her eyes and looked about her a moment in bewilderment. Then she tried to sit up.

"I don't know—what came over me—doctor. I never felt that way before. I must be going. It's late and the store will be closed. And the baking—"

"Hugh!" commanded the doctor, so gently and yet with such sternness that Hope dared not disobey. It was pleasant to lie still in the comfortable, sunny room; and when Wing came with the fragrant coffee and the great slice of golden bread, she sat up and ate quite obediently, and wondered to feel so refreshed. That horrible gnawing sensation she had suffered all day long was entirely gone.

But when she had finished eating, and Wing had carried off the tray, Dr. John came up to her, and there was lightning in his eye.

"Hugh," he said shortly. "Why didn't you tell me you didn't have enough to eat?"

"Oh, doctor," she cried, "don't tell the boys!"

"They had enough. Indeed, they had enough," she explained, a little later. "It was only me. I didn't work hard, like them. I could stand it. And besides, Dr. John, you don't understand how it came about. It was my fault. I used to be a good girl."

Fortwain told the doctor the story of his abandonment. When she had finished she looked anxiously at him, fearing that she might have forfeited his respect. He smiled pleasantly upon her.

"I am like Ned," she said. "I am interested in the roses."

Hope went home and the doctor went to the grocer's; but he took with him an order, made out and signed by the young girl, and Ned was glad to see their arrival, so that the young people's dignity was not compromised.

This second summer was a season of close economy and patient industry at Home Ranch, and the boys were glad to eke out their income by working in the doctor's orchard during the busy season. In August they were surprised and gratified to find that their vines yielded a right crop of grapes, and the boys' efforts at variance with all the rules laid down in books, but common to all vineyards. They market a large portion of their produce, and much more is made a choice addition to their household stores by curing the remainder.

At that fall they cut down some young saplings and availed themselves of some lumber in the driftwood deposited by the tides of the previous winter. This helped to build up the house. Although this addition was clumsily built, it was roomy and substantial, and when they had draped the house with its first covering of vine and wood or stear of grass; the vineyard, carefully pruned, had long rows of roses, now in bloom.

Together with the McGray boys they cut a great deal of brush and saved a great deal of time in the building.

On Saturday afternoon, late in November, Hope was seated in her little rocking-chair just outside the door, darning stockings and humming a little song to herself, while the boys were pruning in the vineyard.

Down the road she saw some one coming. A tall boy in a coat and a cap, and a wide-brimmed hat, was coming up the road.

"Well," said Ned, carelessly, glancing up with contempt at the big fellow who could be alarmed at the sight of a dog.

"Tell me 'pon hon'able! Don't you—don't you see?"

Something moved Ned to fly directly in the face of the fact.

"Of course I see," he replied scornfully.

"Don't see nothin' that looks like a dog—a big black dog, suthin' the mate with one hind leg—his eyes like bloody ven-

"We have plenty of fun," said Ned, pleasantly, "but not precisely that kind. I don't have much time to seek our own pleasure so we find pleasure in our work and duty."

"Really?" said Tom, with honest sympathy.

"Oh you mustn't pity us. We wouldn't change places with the jolliest of your city fellows. Come up and try it yourself."

"All right. Another time," rejoined the boys, but they wondered whether Tom would keep his word.

As for Hope, she wanted sadly up to the house, saying over and over to herself: "Oh, wish the bridge had never been built."

Let the bridge be to give them many a lift on the road to a greater prosperity.

"GO!" SAID HOPE, SEVERELY, POINTING TO THE GATE.

"'Go!' said Hope, severely, pointing to the gate, and to the young fellows who were waiting. "Go. And I hope, Tom Bateman, I'll never see you again as long as I live, if it has to be like this."

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"What is in the world is the matter, Hope?"

"The mate's overboard! Hard down with the tiller, sir!"

"The mate's overboard! Hard down with the tiller, sir, and bring her to the wind, quick!"

The captain instantly obeyed, and the ship sailed fiercely as the wind went out from them. Dropping the tiller, the captain strung to the mainmast.

"The boat hung on Davis at the stern, and the boatman, who had been true to the mate, was now at the helm, holding the mainail."

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# HIS FLEETING IDEAL;

—OR—

## A Romance of Baffled Hypnotism.

—BY—

JOHN L. SULLIVAN,  
THE CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.  
PAULINE HALL,  
THE COMIC OPERA QUEEN.  
BILL NYE,  
THE POPULAR HUMORIST.  
INSPECTOR BYRNES,  
THE CELEBRATED DETECTIVE.  
HOWE & HUMMEL,  
NEW YORK'S NOTED CRIMINAL LAWYERS.  
MAJ. ALFRED CALHOUN,  
THE STORY TELLER.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX,  
THE POETRESS OF PASSION.  
P. T. BARNUM,  
THE GREAT SHOWMAN.  
MARY EASTLAKE,  
THE FAMOUS ENGLISH ACTRESS.  
NELL NELSON,  
THE WELL-KNOWN REPORTER.  
W. H. BALLOU,  
THE NOVELIST.  
ALAN DALE,  
THE FAVORITE ROMANCER.

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## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

## CHAPTER I.

**HENRY HENSHAW,** a young artist, while travelling in a car, mentally sketches the personnel of his ideal wife. To his astonishment he sees his ideal reflected in the mirror, she being one of a party of four, consisting of an old man, presumably her father, a governess and a man with a valiant countenance. The girl is sketching the party. During the night the girl plays estrangingly on her violin. He determines to make her acquaintance, but upon arising in the morning he finds that the train has been in the Grand Central depot some hours, and that the party of four have disappeared.

## CHAPTER II.

**THE CURT THAT SLIPPED,**  
By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

"I tell you, paper, I can't endure his presence in my house." It was offensive enough to him at home, when he came but once or twice a day. It was still more so during our journey here, when I was forced to be in the same car with him; but now that you tell me that he is to live under the same roof, sit at the same table and ride in the same carriage with us it becomes unbearable. My hatred of the man increases hourly. Why need you compel me to associate with him so closely?"

The voice of the speaker betokened refinement, and the girl was with her extreme tenderness and pronounced beauty, rendered the voice more remarkable.

The elderly man to whom the words were addressed breathed a deep sigh.

"My dear child, I beg you to be reasonable," he said gently. "You know ill I have been keeping how alarming my condition seems to every one."

"Lupt, papa," cried the young girl, sharply. "Do you not suppose I remember what the events which killed my mother and my brother have done to my young life?" Why recall them now?

"Have we not come away to forget them, if possible? But to do not see how it will help us to have that odious man under the same roof with us day and night?" Ley Dr. Ken.

"We must, my dear child," he said quickly. "Tell you, child, we must, but not forget the new names we have resolved to use. Remember always that I am Dr. Crawford, you are Miss Crawford, your godmother is Miss Brown and my physician is Dr. Watson. It is imperative that we use these names and titles as well as in the course of strangers."

The young girl threw out her arms with an expression at once impatient and displeased.

"I hate subterfuge and deception in every form," she cried. "And I have never seen a man who would be so unkind to his wife but the face of the person who had just gone out dances before him in irritating suggestiveness, up, clutching the grasp of his necessity. In a city like New York or London or Paris, where we are to pass our time, it is only natural that we should identify with living under false names."

"The greatest city in the world is not large enough to hide the identity of a disguised man," responded the old man, bitterly.

"Disgrace!" papa," exclaimed the young woman. "I have never seen a man who would be so unkind to his wife but the face of the person who had just gone out dances before him in irritating suggestiveness, up, clutching the grasp of his necessity. In a city like New York or London or Paris, where we are to pass our time, it is only natural that we should identify with living under false names."

"The past is past," he said. "I have no desire to regain my health and brain power, that I may set about clearing our name from the dark stain which has been upon us for years. For your sake, I will go to him, as long as my strength is left. He is my man or devil!"

Rushing madly at his son's obedience, Mr. Henshaw left the studio.

"Then Henry turned to the easel, and more rapidly than ever he sketched the portrait of the man who had just gone out, the beautiful, mysterious face looking up appealingly from the water.

He contrived this exercise with the greatest facility, the art child that he had taught him, sleeping and waking with the large, full-faced and stupid good-natured man.

Henry Henshaw's mind was certainly in an unusual state of perturbation, but it was plaid itself compared with the condition of others.

Well, he reflected, she ought to thank me for that, at any rate. That she was not to blame in this matter was evident.

The sudden disappearance of Mr. Crawford and his family from No. 37 West 38th st. was a mystery to Dr. Watson, who, with his keen ears and sharp eyes was quick to discover the hourly increasing curiosity of their neighbors in the apartment house.

Miss Watson heard the music and laughed softly in her room, while his eyes glowed like coals of fire.

Edna Crawford saw the player and heard her music and munched with pale lips: "He is a man or devil?"

It was a month later a man, who had been sitting in Chickering Hall, watching the exhibition of Prof. Oscar Fieldman, the pianist and violin reader, rose and walked out of the hall, and saw the man under the same roof with us day and night?" Ley Dr. Ken.

"We must, my dear child," he said quickly. "Tell you, child, we must, but not forget the new names we have resolved to use. Remember always that I am Dr. Crawford, you are Miss Crawford, your godmother is Miss Brown and my physician is Dr. Watson. It is imperative that we use these names and titles as well as in the course of strangers."

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"Disgrace!" papa," exclaimed the young woman. "I have never seen a man who would be so unkind to his wife but the face of the person who had just gone out dances before him in irritating suggestiveness, up, clutching the grasp of his necessity. In a city like New York or London or Paris, where we are to pass our time, it is only natural that we should identify with living under false names."

"The past is past," he said. "I have no desire to regain my health and brain power, that I may set about clearing our name from the dark stain which has been upon us for years. For your sake, I will go to him, as long as my strength is left. He is my man or devil!"

Rushing madly at his son's obedience, Mr. Henshaw left the studio.

"Then Henry turned to the easel, and more rapidly than ever he sketched the portrait of the man who had just gone out, the beautiful, mysterious face looking up appealingly from the water.

He contrived this exercise with the greatest facility, the art child that he had taught him, sleeping and waking with the large, full-faced and stupid good-natured man.

Henry Henshaw's mind was certainly in an unusual state of perturbation, but it was plaid itself compared with the condition of others.

Well, he reflected, she ought to thank me for that, at any rate. That she was not to blame in this matter was evident.

The sudden disappearance of Mr. Crawford and his family from No. 37 West 38th st. was a mystery to Dr. Watson, who, with his keen ears and sharp eyes was quick to discover the hourly increasing curiosity of their neighbors in the apartment house.

Miss Watson heard the music and laughed softly in her room, while his eyes glowed like coals of fire.

Edna Crawford saw the player and heard her music and munched with pale lips: "He is a man or devil?"

It was a month later a man, who had been sitting in Chickering Hall, watching the exhibition of Prof. Oscar Fieldman, the pianist and violin reader, rose and walked out of the hall, and saw the man under the same roof with us day and night?" Ley Dr. Ken.

"We must, my dear child," he said quickly. "Tell you, child, we must, but not forget the new names we have resolved to use. Remember always that I am Dr. Crawford, you are Miss Crawford, your godmother is Miss Brown and my physician is Dr. Watson. It is imperative that we use these names and titles as well as in the course of strangers."

The young girl threw out her arms with an expression at once impatient and displeased.

"I hate subterfuge and deception in every form," she cried. "And I have never seen a man who would be so unkind to his wife but the face of the person who had just gone out dances before him in irritating suggestiveness, up, clutching the grasp of his necessity. In a city like New York or London or Paris, where we are to pass our time, it is only natural that we should identify with living under false names."

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## Men, Like Women, Change Their Minds.

(Judge.)  
During a motherly call: Mrs. Beebody—  
You look pensile, my dear.  
Her recently married daughter—I've had  
a son, and he's a beauty.  
Mrs. Beebody—Dad! I can't say to  
you the first unkund word?  
Her daughter—I tried to, but he declares  
that you're the runt, and I said "yes" to  
his proposal six months ago.

And Pity 'Tis, 'Tis Often True.

(Washington Post.)  
"I feel," said the young man to her  
father, "that even though your daughter  
would be a truly drowsy rose, whose compo-  
sition could not come too soon."

"Very well," said the old gentleman,  
"take her, and presently you'll feel the  
same way only more so."

When He Swords Off Forever.

(Judge.)  
Miss Pindergarten—Young man, be you mar-  
ried?

Clock—No, ma'am.  
Miss Pindergarten—I'm sorry. I'm goin' ter  
be, an' I thought you might tell me what  
brides is wearin' for a trip arost' the Wee-  
hawken fer' back.

Put on the Home Base.

(Munsey's Weekly.)  
Wife—See here, I want you to understand  
distinctly that I am not going to be guided  
by what you say. I don't wonder they call  
you a fool. That's exactly what you are, in  
my opinion.

Husband (base ball umpire)—That will  
put you off (remembering his position)  
All right, my dear.

She Wouldn't Object for a While.

(Munsey's Weekly.)  
She (with a beautiful blush and a palpable  
meaning)—Why, we are out of sight of  
the hotel.

He—Yes, but the doctors say I'm threat-  
ened with paralysis, and just suppose I be-  
came paralyzed while I was hugging you.

Experiencing.

(New York Weekly.)  
Mrs. Winks—What kind of a girl have  
you now?

Mrs. Minks—A very nice one, ever so much  
nicer than the others. She doesn't seem to  
object to having us live in the house with  
her at all.

Putting Vinegar in Her Champagne.

(New York Weekly.)  
Mrs. Fine—My husband never leaves  
me for an hour, and I'm always alone.  
Neighboring caller—I can really believe  
it. Everybody says your husband is the  
most considerate, unselfish, self-sacrificing  
man that ever lived.

Trying to Even Up with the Show.

(New York Weekly.)  
City child—Do country towns where you  
have theatres?

Actress—No. Country towns never have  
theatres. They have only opera houses,  
academies of music and temples of Theosis,

No Argument Necessary.

(Puck.)  
Prisoner—I don't think there will be any  
news of you dressing the jury.

Lawyer—What's the matter?

Prisoner—My insanity will be instantly  
plain to them when they see that I have re-  
tained you to conduct my case.

In Hot Weather Like This, Too.

(Puck.)  
An inconsiderate offer—I'm all un-  
trusting, said the trap.

What's the matter?

There was a woman over in Geneva,  
this morning said she could give me work."

Father Smith Very Much Abroad.

(The Jester.)  
Father Smith—Now then, here we are in  
Europe, and we want to see as much as  
possible of the two continents before we return  
from business. Therefore you, Mrs. S., will  
go to all the churches and cathedrals; you,  
Emily, dear wife, in the museums and  
picture galleries, and I will investigate the  
restaurants and cafes.

Such Affairs Are Generally Heartless.

(Lawrence American.)  
Beauty—Beauty! But I don't hunt for  
beauty when I'm looking for a marriage-  
able girl, my boy. Beauty wears her heart  
upon her sleeve, you know.

Youngblood—Indeed! Then where does  
she wear it at dress receptions?

The Waves Aren't Fresh.

(The Jester.)  
Mr. Freesponder—Can you tell me, de-  
ar, how those waves closely resemble my  
self?

Dearest—No. Arthur, how do they?

Mr. Freesponder—Well, both the waves  
and I go broke as soon as we reach the  
beach.

Not so Easy to Rhyme as Pants.

(Judge.)  
They should be in his money keep,  
Remember he you're not in;  
And be quite sure he is asleep  
Ere you go through his trousers.

The Matrimonial Lottery.

(New York Weekly.)  
Jinks—Wink married a woman of intel-  
lect, didn't he?

Blinks—I don't know. Why?

Jinks—I notice he never has any buttons  
on his clothes.

A Balloon Isn't Easy to Carry.

(Puck.)  
My Rounds—How nicely that Miss Instyle  
turns her head.

Miss Duties—She ought to carry it easily  
—it is so light.

Faint Arms Never Won Fair Lady.

(Town Topics.)  
She (faintly)—Are you sure you really  
like me?—I know I can't hug a bit tighter than I'm  
hanging now.

Coming to Her Senses.

(Philadelphia Press.)  
He—Did the census man get you?

She—No.

He—Do you have me?

She—Yes.

Maybe That's Why She Thinks So.

(Norristown Herald.)  
She—Isn't he a charming writer?

He—Er—yes. Which of his books do you  
prefer?

"Oh, I haven't read any of them yet."

Too True.

(Lawrence American.)  
Hostess—You seem to have no appetite at  
all, Mr. Dusenbury.

Distinguished guest—A small one. You  
see I spent 10 years entering the law, and I  
have never forgotten my early training.

This Includes Pretty Nearly Every-  
body.

(Somerville Journal.)  
People who complain about the hot  
weather are harder to bear than the hot  
weather itself.

Suggestive of a Country Congregation.

(Berkshire Free Press.)  
She—Just see what a yawning ravine  
that is!

He—Yes, it would be just the thing for  
Fairmont Park in Philadelphia.

Don't You Wish You Were Worth  
as Much?

(Rehoboth Sunday Herald.)  
A pair of hantam chickens were sold at  
the London Crystal Palace for \$500, which  
was almost exactly twice their weight in  
gold.

Above the Reach of Most Children's  
Fists.

(Lowell Courier.)  
A share in the Chemical Bank of New  
York has been sold for \$4800. That's higher  
than par than anything else on record.

True.

(Puck.)  
Youngcourt—Say, Oldswed, how can a fel-  
low find out what his tonics are?

Oldswed—By getting married.

One Advantage of Life Insurance.

(Times-Advertiser.)  
Two friends, one the agent of a life insur-  
ance company and the other a drummer,

are sitting in a tavern playing cards. They  
get into a quarrel and become very personal  
in their remarks. Finally the life insurance  
agent jumps up, seizes the drummer  
by the collar, and shaking him, says in a  
hoarse voice:

"On internal soundreul, if you were not  
insured in my company I'd choke the life  
out of you!"

PIES AND ICE CREAM.

Records Established—Back Daily Eats  
Five Pies in 9m. 10s.—In 45s. Annie  
Tice Absorbs Her Plate of Cream.

Whitingham, Vermont's De-  
serted Village.

Bat and Cobweb Where Preacher and  
Pedagogue Once Ruled.

Brigham Young Born There—Empty  
Church and Academy.

WEET smiling village,  
loveliness of the lawn,  
The hills are fed, and  
all the charms withdrawn;  
Amidst the bowers the  
turban head is seen,  
And desolation saddens  
all the green.

Sunk are the bowers, in  
shameless ruin all,  
And the long grass o'er-  
grows the moldering  
wall,

And trembling, shivering from the spoiler's hand,  
Far away, the children leave the land.

There is nothing like old Whitingham in  
Vermont, and probably it has not a parallel  
in New England. It is an absolutely de-  
serted village with its only inhabitant  
in it, a foreigner who temporarily  
rented an old tumble-down house.

The town is situated on a bleak hilltop,  
overlooking the Green mountains to the  
west, from Haystack, 4000 feet high, on the  
north almost to Greylock on the south, in-  
cluding some of the wildest country that  
can be found anywhere.

Below this old deserted village, and in  
plain sight, is Sudawa lake, and the  
wonderful floating island, which was de-  
scribed in the "Globe" recently, making a  
fair of the most peculiar curiosities to be  
seen in the country.

Desolation reigns supreme in this old vil-  
lage, which was once the most flourishing  
place in all the country about. Three-  
quarters of a century ago it was the trading  
center for all the towns about; it contained  
many distinguished families, including the  
Stickney family, the Brighams, the Chases,  
the Browns, the Ballou's, the Prestons, the  
Tainters, the Roberts, the Carleys, the  
Parkers, and many others who have be-  
come famous.

When John Young moved to New York  
State the famous Brigham Young's father  
was one of the first to settle in the town.  
The scene recalls a noted name. Brigham  
Young was born within half a mile of  
the old schoolhouse in Whitingham, and  
first saw the light of day in a little old  
house. In the year 1801. A few years later  
he became a member of the Methodist church  
and was baptized by his father, the Rev. George  
Young, who was a member of the same  
denomination.

He was a student at the academy in  
Whitingham, and a teacher at the school  
there for a time, and also taught at the  
Methodist school in the village.

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## IS IT POSSIBLE?

OR.

Married While Walking in Sleep.

From his youth up, Henry Appleton had been apt with his pencil in bringing out the humorous phases of every household's life. He came long after his master's estate, he sought a general field of labor in which his powers found play, and long since he had achieved a nation-wide reputation as a caricaturist and cartoonist.

A few years ago a very strange thing happened to him. He had a severe attack of brain fever, and in his raving, for the first few days of his illness the watchmen observed that he continually talked of his work. Later on they were surprised to note the fact that, while he did this during the day at night he would change his mood entirely, and recite verse after verse of poems.

The days passed on, and he was convalescent, and finally recovered fully and resumed his work. One morning when he arose he was greatly surprised to find a poem on his table, which jingled from the chirography of the hand of the author of the poem and paper. It was evidently written by himself during the night. But he had no remembrance of having done it, nor even the faint recollection of a dream. He was perplexed and could suggest no solution. Sonnambulism would not answer the requirements of the case, for in state only those things are done voluntarily with which the mind is charged during waking hours, and certainly nothing was further from his mind during that period than composing poetry.

A month later he found another poem on the table in the morning, and in addition to this evidences that he had been up and about on the street during the night. But as the months passed by and from time to time strange evidences of a duplex existence revealed themselves to him, he became accustomed to them, and finally became indifferent to them, with a certain interest if not pleasure. He became convinced that while in this abnormal condition he was in the full possession of all his faculties, controlled by will and reason.

During the past year he became acquainted with Miss Jessie Goldsmith, a young lady who had a career the size of a comet, and in the course of time presented his suit, but seemingly in vain. Truly and well, however, the young lady was kind to him, and for a time he had given up his sonnambulism, and was able to get away off, was favorably off, was very kind to her, but at the impressionable age of 18 she met Alexander Burke, an American sea captain, and when he went to New York he took her with him in a boat to Europe and to follow him. She succeeded in shipwreck as a cabin boy and in reaching America, but she was discovered, and was resolved to return as she had come. She shipped as cook and steward, first in the Adelphi, then the Royal George, and was returning in the last-named ship to London in 1854 when her sex was discovered. She was then 18, and had been away for nearly three years absent from home. Upon reaching England she appeared before the lord mayor to whom she spoke, "I am a man." Her master, Mr. Mathew, was greatly shocked, and she was sent to a madhouse.

She had done duty as a seamstress in a most admirable way, and that she had behaved herself with the utmost propriety.

She had been put up to the dock, and given to the sailors.

What afterward befell her is unknown.

Domestication also played an important part in her life. Mary Ann Taylor, her domestic affairs, however, were not the most comfortable, and she was uncertain as to what to do with her husband, a fastidious officer to the West Indies solely on account of her affection for him, or partly on account of her health trouble. But after a time he left him, and went to India. Going with him afterward to France, she acted as a drummer, and was wounded at the siege of Paris.

When we go farther than the mere sympathy and admiration both of the physical and mental qualities, we can see that in her sleep she would walk about her father's grottoes and even converse with those who had been to rest, being always awake to their will.

One night in June when the air was balmy and a full moon shone upon the earth, the girl with a smile on her face passed into one of his "poetry moods," as he had come to call them. He arose, dressed and started for a walk in the street.

The way a similar occurrence was transpiring, and Miss Jessie was down by a street costume in the sun unobserved, and a sonorous hypochondriacal stammer, into the streets she went and face to face they met. He spoke just as they were about to meet, and his heart stopped. He turned and took her arm, and off they walked as if in the full enjoyment of their normal faculties. Instead, however, neither of them knew the exact existence except possibly something latent and undebatable, like the reincarnationist's alleged remembrance of a former earthly incarnation.

About 40 years ago a far more extraordinary instance of successful disguise was a certain topic of conversation in a large armament shop set up successfully at the Castle of Malta, and at Barbados. This person was a small, thin, wrinkled individual, with a pale face, and a decided accent, and strong vegetarian opinions. At the Cape he actually fought a duel with an Englishman, and was sent for treatment to Basilia, where he never recovered his health, and died.

He was a woman, though the fact was not discovered until having reached high rank in his profession. He had been born and brought up in a family of surgeons general to the army. Dr. James Barry, as this lady was called, was well known in military circles. Many men who can remember her are still alive.

As they walked along, he talked of flowers, moonlight and finely woven lace, and said,

"I could love you forever," she echoed.

And quite realistic and loverlike, he slipped his arms around her, kissed her, and took a smoke of tobacco, at the moment they came to a church, and he was by the parsonage, and a light was in the window. He noted the fact that they entered and married at once. Controlled by his will she consented, and soon the staid minister had pronounced the couple wed, and the man and wife.

A marriage certificate was filled out the minister's wife signing as witness, which was given to her, and she carried the pocket of her ulster and out into the night again they went and returned to their steps. When they arrived home a sonorous hypochondriacal stammer, into the streets she went and face to face they met. He spoke just as they were about to meet, and his heart stopped.

He turned and took her arm, and off they walked as if in the full enjoyment of their normal faculties. Instead, however, neither of them knew the exact existence except possibly something latent and undebatable, like the reincarnationist's alleged remembrance of a former earthly incarnation.

Horror of horrors, what had she done? At once she went into a towering rage, and her countenance assumed a look of fury, and she thus taken advantage of her helpless condition, and secured thereby what, in her waking hours, she had reluctantly given up.

And so it went on, he began to weep and throw himself on the bed, sobbed for an hour as if his heart would break. And then he burst into tears, and gave his justification for his conduct, and at last excused him on the grounds that as he could not know of her peculiar trouble, it might never occur to him to suspect her. That was in her normal condition. That she had given her full consent to the ceremony she did.

A week passed, and he did not call. At the end of another week he came and chanced to meet her in the grounds. He was in a state of great distress, and he said,

"She was cold and distant, and I did not rise till 6 A.M."

Are you not aware that I know better than that?" she exclaimed.

"We are so far now beyond that I do," he replied.

"Read that," said she handing him the marriage certificate.

"I do not," said he, turning it over.

"What were you on the night of June 16?" he asked.

"That never gives answer," she replied.

"But I know you there," he said.

"That's what I want you to tell me," said she. "For I, like you, went to bed early and slept late. I was out of my room last night, and therefore, how come that paper into existence?"

"There is only one solution of the mystery now, and that is that she has gone mad. And she in turn confessed that she was given to hypochondriacal moods, and that it was on this account that she had ever refused to be his wife at all."

"Do you know what happened on the 16th of June?" he asked.

"Do not," he replied. "That was just two weeks ago today. I remember that I retired at 10 o'clock, and did not rise till 6 A.M."

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"That's what I want you to tell me," said she. "For I, like you, went to bed early and slept late. I was out of my room last night, and therefore, how come that paper into existence?"

"There is only one solution of the mystery now, and that is that she has gone mad. And she in turn confessed that she was given to hypochondriacal moods, and that it was on this account that she had ever refused to be his wife at all."

"Do you know what happened on the 16th of June?" he asked.

"Do not," he replied. "That was just two weeks ago today. I remember that I retired at 10 o'clock, and did not rise till 6 A.M."

Are you not aware that I know better than that?" she exclaimed.

"We are so far now beyond that I do," he replied.

"Read that," said she handing him the marriage certificate.

"I do not," said he, turning it over.

"What were you on the night of June 16?" he asked.

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